

Diary of: Elizabeth Blessing

Year: 2243

May 28th

I'm free! Finally, I'm away from Legos. It feels good... He was so sweet when we first met, but now I know that was just an act. He would have killed me sooner or later if I stayed. It felt good to screw him for a change, and to the tune of 10 million credits, too! Caleb was a good boy, he came through with his end of the job. I almost feel bad for getting him into this, but whatever. He's a cop, and cops get what they deserve. It'll be a good learning experience for him. Now we've gotta get out of here fast before Legos catches on...

May 29th

We spent every bit of Legos' money on our new ship — the Salt Witch!!! She's not the newest or fastest ship, but I can tell she's got heart. And she was the best ship readily available for cash... Me, Caleb, Goat, and "Bob" (a really filthy Saurk that is apparently a really good engineer) blew off of Gaulden for good. I left a message for Legos telling him exactly what I thought about him... He'll probably space a couple of his flunkies just to get over it. Freak. We're headed to a nearby space station to get supplies.

June 15th

We nearly got lost on the way here! Apparently we can't rely on the ship's computer for navigation. I hit a space station bar and went looking for more crew... Found a biker, a Demlux named Kraid, who's on the run too. He seemed like a good fit (desperate and looking for friends) so I convinced him to join the crew... Would it be too much to ask for one of my crewmen to be cute? I swear, all these guys look like they came from an ugly convention. Anyway, we're headed to New Saigon to look for work.

July 4th

Honest work sucks. I had to spend all day in the Exchange in N.S. trying to shake work out of scroungy looking blue collar types. Ew. We finally found some twerp from Aetna, Alman Dekravakian, who says he's their Undersecretary of Snack Foods or something, wanting passage for a group of people to Aetna. Passage in a cargo hold — it's either refugees or mercs, not sure which yet. We went out and tried to party — hopefully there's some better places on New Saigon than the dump we found. The stuff Goat got for me is high quality! Had a good time despite the general lameness of my

crew... What's up with these people? Sitting around like sad sacks... Had to run off with a local so my buzz didn't get ruined. Rolled into port in the morning just in time to find a company of mercs camped out on the tarmac.

July 5th

Yep, it's mercs. "Colonel" Striker and his men. They've been hired by Alman (who was late, of course) for counterinsurgency training on Aetna. We packed them and their stuff up and shipped out. The macho bullshit factor in the cargo hold is pretty intense, they're all saluting and "squaring things away". Oh well, they're all in shape and some of them are pretty cute. They have a Voniri along named Milo — I've always wanted to put one over on a Voniri since that goon Egil ripped me off on Gaulden...

July 10th

This is the part of space travel that's really boring. Hyperspace. Nothing to do but try to party with some of the soldiers.

July 11th

Damn! The mercs will smoke some bud with me, but it looks like their Colonel is keeping them on a tight leash — he doesn't want any fooling around and is having them all busy all the time, field-stripping their socks or whatever. The chicks are lame too... I have been hanging out with this one girl, though, Linda Oswald — she's funny, she's less into soldier-posing than the rest of them. She's got this Goth thing going on, it suits her. We've been hanging out in the mess talking, it sounds like she came from a rough place just like I did.

July 16th

I beat a Voniri! I beat a Voniri! All the soldiers were gambling, and we started to play with them. Milo and I were cleaning up, and I wasn't even having to cheat much... We both took away a bunch of the pot, so I challenged him to a winner-take-all fine game. I did the dealing trick I learned in Legos' casino — you should have seen the look on his face when I turned over my hand! Guess you're not so super smart now, Mr., Smelly Alien!

July 18th

Wow! Linda and I... We were in the head, and I was giving her some makeup tips (can you believe that she just washes her face with soap and water? My God, it's a wonder she doesn't look forty!) and she stood up from over the sink and we bumped into each other... It felt like electricity coursing through me, and I felt weak in the knees. I had to lean against the sink and we just stood there a minute, looking at each other... Her skirt was wet from the sink and she was so beautiful... Neither of us moved for a long time, then that spooky Billingsworth woman came in and Linda scurried off to her "duties"...

July 20th

I have to say it - Linda's pretty hot. We've been hanging out more, and when I get close to her I can feel how much I want her, and I can see that she wants me too. Mmmm, tasty Goth girl. But she keeps on about her "duty" and how she can't do anything like that when they're on a "ticket." LAME! It's not like they're real soldiers, what's with all the rules?

July 25th

I'm SO bored! I've been on board this ship, with no action, and with a crew that's hiding out from these mercs, and the mercs are hiding out from my crew... NO FUN! And the reek from the cargo hold is starting to fill the ship. I suggested we turn off the air exchanger in there but Bob says they'll "run out of air" if we do. Everybody looked at me funny when I asked what the down side of that would be.

July 29th

Kraig got mad at me today, he said I was trying to get him to fight one of the merc guys. What a butthead. I told him that he's just afraid he can't take him. Come on, I thought Demblux were supposed to be all "super warriors" and stuff.

August 1st

Bad news - we finally got to Aetna and it looks like the rebels have taken the place over! No government to be found, and the local TV is all about how the glorious people's revolutionary whatnot is now in charge. Alman is falling apart. It turns out he lost the rest of our pay to some mobster back on New Saigon! And he still owes Nicki "the Czar" money to boot! What an idiot. The mercs don't know what to do. We all talked about it and we're going to land quietly and see if we can find anything out.

August 2nd

Looks like a big zero. Rebels all over the place, they're hunting down the government guys. No way for us to get our PAY! We should leave Alman to the rebels. We've decided to go try to steal some stuff to at least make expenses. Oswald's coming to help — she's so hot when she's all butched out with her rifle and gear.

August 3rd

Well, we met up with some rebels — just locals with cheapo rifles. I tasered one, but Oswald and Bob just destroyed the other two! Restraint, people! We interrogated the guy but he just went on about how the people will be free of megacorp rule, etc etc etc. What a dupe — doesn't he know there's always a big guy that controls the little guy? If it's not a corp it's the government, if it's not the government it's the mob, if it's not the mob it's the ICPA... Anyway, we let him go (even though some of my crazy serial-killer crewmates wanted to kill him, naturally) and we're getting out of here ASAP.

August 3rd, Supplemental

Oh my GOD that was good! First, we were taking off and the system defense boat came after us... They were shooting missiles at us, we were shooting back, I was doing an AMAZING job of piloting, and we ran rings around them and get the heck out of Dodge! It was such a rush... Felt like that time when I was driving the getaway car after the jewelry job that Alec set up back when I was first getting started with the mob and all those cops were shooting at us... It was a total rush. We got away into hyperspace (the only damage we took was from Bob screwing with our ship's transponder; he broke it while trying to do something-or-other) and everyone was like "woo hoo!" And then Linda knocked on my cabin door, I opened it and she had this weird expression on her face; and she said "Since the mission fell apart, I'm not on duty any more..." And she just pressed me against the wall and kissed me! I'm not writing a letter to Penthouse so I won't get into the rest, but it was TOTALLY intense and she's SO sweet...

August 6th

Ozzie's really cool. I wasn't expecting to meet anyone that I felt like this about so quickly; I've only been out from under Legos for two months... And being free and out in space is a great change. But boy, Ozzie's great. She's so understanding, and not at all like what I'd expect a soldier to be like. Am I really falling for her? Or is it just great sex? I'm not really sure yet. But when we're together, she makes me feel so comfortable, not like I have to be "on" all the time.

August 11th

That bitch!!! I should have known better than to think anyone could understand what I've been through. I was telling her about my past and stuff, and how bad it was with Lung sucker, and she pretty much said it was my fault for getting involved with him in the first place! What the hell does she know, the butch little jar-head!

August 13th

Back together with Ozzie. After a while I realized she didn't mean what she said to be judgmental. She doesn't come from the streets like I do, and doesn't understand what goes on there. So, I had to punish her for a day, but then we made up, so it's all good.

August 14th

Ship status - Bob fixed the IFF, Alman is still locked in his cabin. The ship's getting ranker quicker than it did on the trip out, if that's even possible. And I'm starting to realize this ship is in sore need of some interior décor improvements. I'm starting to have dreams in that same sickly grey color that all the rooms are painted.

August 17th

Grrrr. One of the mercs, just one of the punk ass ones, made a stupid sexist crack about me and Ozzie in the mess. I lit into him, and Ozzie had the nerve to defend the idiot! It's like she doesn't even care about my feelings when one of her "brothers in arms" is involved. I told her in front of the whole mess that she'd better decide if she wants a "sister in arms" or not... Now we're not talking to each other.

August 18th

Ozzie came to me to apologize. I apologized too, for embarrassing her. We had some fierce make-up fun. So, we're happy again.

August 29th

We made it back to the New Saigon system. Somebody beamed Kraid and Goat a message saying that some people were looking for them here planetside and they took off in Kraid's scrambler; they're going to hide out at the mining colony and we'll pick them up on our way out. I can't wait to go out and party

right with Ozzie, but first we need to dispense with the Minister of Snack Foods, see if ICBM wants him or something. We'll be landing first thing tomorrow.

I don't want my time with Ozzie to end though. We've promised to email each other and try to get back together when we can, but that's not enough! I haven't felt happy like this for a long time. I can't believe I'm falling for somebody. I just felt numb for so long, and figured I was so jaded that stuff like "love" was well behind me...

August 30th

Well, when we landed there was some squirrelly looking guy with a briefcase waiting for us. Turns out his name's Hector and he's answering our ad for a business manager. He can't give a straight answer to save his life, but he used to work for ICBM so maybe he'll be useful dealing with them.

Everybody here is acting weird! Nobody will buy our swag. I tried to go out and ask why in disguise but everyone clammed up. That doesn't sound good. Hector managed to get a title to our truck and we sold it on the legit market, for a good price. Sounds like ICBM doesn't give a rat's ass about Alman though. I hate megacorps. They don't care about Aetna, they'll just get the ICPA to send in the Marines and screw the place up. We tried to figure a way to screw ICBM on the deal but they're just too big.

August 30th, Supplemental

It turns out Nicki "the Czar" told everyone not to deal with us because of Alman leaving with us after ripping off Nicki. We had a sit-down with one of his men, "Stitches," (who has a personality to match his face) and we told him we're sorry, didn't know, and last we saw he was staying at the Motel 2234 in the Bottoms. He let us off the hook, and as soon as we got back I sent Bob and Caleb to dump Alman out in the Bottoms.

Oh well, easy come, easy go. I have to run, I'm meeting Ozzie and some of her crew, we're going out dancing and stuff.

August 31st

Now that was a good time! That stuff Goat got me is really high quality, but I'm getting low. It's the first time I've gotten really high with Ozzie, and this morning she was telling me that it was fun but a

little uncomfortable to see me that juiced. I was getting set to show her "uncomfortable" when someone starts banging on the hatch, turns out it's Alman. I smacked Ozzie on her hot little ass and told her we'd finish up later and went to shoo him away — but it turns out Nicki found him and sent him to us with a job offer instead of just killing him!

Nicki wants us to help get the old government set up on Aetna with Alman as the returning hero — so that Nicki can get firmly established there before the corp miners show up in force. A good scam. They fronted him 150,000 credits for the job. We went and talked with Col. Striker, and he says that his core team might be able to do it. With pay up front this time. So it looks like Ozzie's coming back with us! YAY!

The Colonel's not coming, but Billingsworth and Grouph (?) are, with Freaky and Boone and Ozzie and Weasel and Doc. It's like the seven dwarves of killing. They're leaving the rest behind, and the ship's bathrooms will be the better for that, I'll tell you right now.

September 21st

We're back in Aetna. It's been a while since I wrote anything in here, but there really hasn't been much to write about. I think we played every computer game in the ship's computer through twice. Ozzie's getting all squiggly wanting some action (besides me I mean) and I have to admit that's starting to sound good.

September 22nd

Hey, we're in luck! We landed and snatched a deserting rebel, and it turns out that the government forces actually hold half the city, just not the half with the spaceport and TV station. He says it's a low impact sniping war now, most of the initial macho-BS factor has worn off. We're gonna go drive into the rebel half and scout it out, see what's going on.

September 23rd

OK, we have a plan. We're going to go take the system patrol boat on the ground at the spaceport tonight. We'll drive in with Freaky pretending to deliver supplies while Ozzie and Weasel cover us. The rest of the mercs will make a distraction attack. The ship's just sitting there, ramp down, so if we can get onto it and get it off the ground, the rebels will pretty much be shit out of luck and we'll have the only two spaceships in the system. The only part I don't like about the plan is that Ozzie's

going to be on foot inside the spaceport, and I'm worried about her. Later, when I told her that I wouldn't fly out of there without her on the ship, she made me promise that I would put the mission first if it came to that... I had my fingers crossed though.

In my spare time, I'm trying to get Alman to sound statesmanly. This guy really is a grade-A idiot. We're about to go steal a truck now to use for the raid, more later...

September 24th

The plan went great, but the Aetnans' system patrol boat (the "Presidente") will never be the same again. I bluffed my way right in and we drove right up to the ship, and everybody shot their way aboard super fast. Bob and I got that baby in the air tout suite, but it turned out the ship's guns sucked ASS shooting at soldiers, and one of the guys in the nests got a missile off before Ozzie could snipe him — it blew off the whole ramp! I managed to keep it under control, but then some technicians drove up shooting missiles — I sideslipped most of them but we took another hit before Caleb blew them up. It was all I could do to get the ship over there to pick up Ozzie and Weasel, and then we were out of there.

Everything moved so fast! That's the first time I've stolen a ship off a military base before, and I think I'll wait a little while before doing it again. But I was great, and Ozzie was great, and all the guys did their job, and so we pulled it off! Yay!

September 25th

Got a hold of Colonel Hotsul, apparently the only thing resembling a leader the government forces have any more. We rolled into town in my car to meet him. The boys talked tactics with him for a long time, it was pretty boring. It gave me time to think, though... I bet they have some real money here somewhere. And I bet if there's a big battle going on for the colony, not many people would notice if a bank got a little blown up in the process...

September 26th

I must be psychic, because after I talked the guys into hitting the bank (Caleb was really whining about it, he seems to be getting a much-overdue case of ethics) we were checking crates on the Presidente and we found boxes full of money, more than 2 million credits! Hector estimated it was about half of the total hard currency on the planet! So it looks like the rebels hit the bank for us, how convenient. Covered my bunk with money and Ozzie and I rolled around naked on it for a while. Somehow, that never gets old.

September 27th

Surprise! We got a call from "Capri Paolo", apparently the rebel leader, wanting us to help him get offplanet for the other half of the cash. Four million credits! That's a lot of money. It sounded like a trap for sure, but once we looked into it, seems he really does just want to get away with his hide intact. As we all talked about it, though, I started to feel bad for the locals... So we decided to just take a 10 percent finders' fee and turn the rest back over to the colony. We didn't even have an angle on it. I can hear Legos now, telling me I'm "soft"... But, I mean, I don't want to ruin the lives of everyone on this (admittedly pathetic) colony.

September 30th

We came up with a plan, where we "capture" Paolo and try him in space and sentence him to exile from Aetna, which makes everyone happy — the colonists see justice done, Alman looks good yet merciful, Paolo gets offplanet without a price on his head, and we get all kinds of good press.

October 1st

DAMN it!!! We were doing the stupid trial thing when some little dinky spaceship took off from the planet. We chased it, Caleb said it wasn't heavily armed, and then it shot something at us that totally fried out all the Salt Witch's systems! It screwed the engine, maneuver drive, sensors, FTL drive, and even the escape pods! I got us the heck out of there and they got away. Bob says we're going to be stuck on this dirtball for a whole month until we can get everything fixed.

October 3rd

Looks like whatever that yacht hit us with was some new ICBM munition. I should have known they'd be behind this. Caleb checked around and it looks like they abducted a bunch of psychic children and scrammed. You can't get any lower than that. I can't wait to come across some ICBMers again, they're not gonna walk away from that meeting. The guys are rooting around trying to find parts for the ship. We're keeping Paolo on the ship. He tried to chat me up in his "I'm a pretty boy among the dirty provincials" way, and I made it clear to him that if I hear more than two words out of him over the next month he'll get used as reactor fuel.

October 10th

Bored. I've taken to hanging around and mooching off Alman at the presidential palace. I was hanging out with Ozzie a lot but the mercs are busy now working for the Aetnans so I only see her on weekends

now, which is a bummer. I keep finding things she's left in my quarters and it's been making me melancholy. I did get to do an interview on local TV a couple days ago, which was a good excuse to get dressed up. The guys all got interviewed too, and put on their best Manson family impersonation. Caleb even started blabbing about God during his interview. What is wrong with him?

October 20th

Really Bored. So bored that I'm going with the guys to junkyards looking for parts just for a chance to drive around.

October 21st

Well, that was exciting! We kept dealing with dirty locals and some junk guy wanted us to go pick up a truck full of vegetables in a rebel-heavy area. We couldn't pass up an opportunity (even one so lame) for some action and so off we went with a technical and a truck. Sure enough, I was riding point and a bunch of rebels had a checkpoint; they recognized us and started shooting up the car. I drove it into a ditch for cover and Caleb laid down machine gun fire until the truck got here with Bob and Goat, and they took out the rest of the rebels, no problem. The car gave out once we got to the warehouse, so I drove the truck on the way back, no problems there. Got the parts, and Bob's almost done with repairs.

October 31st

Ozzie loves Halloween, so we decorated the ship and wore costumes. None of the guys would dress up, which is typical. She was a cute vampire and I was Cleopatra.

November 1st

Stitches wants some coffins brought back from Earth. Well, he didn't say coffins, but he described their shape and it's about right. I got him to give us extra if we make it back really, really fast. We're gonna stop in New Saigon to get supplies and buy some meds to sell to the Earthers.

December 25th

Been to busy to write. We've been pushing the ship trying to get the absolute best time possible; we're ahead of schedule so far. We made it to Earth and stopped somewhere called Omaha. It's not as impressive as you'd think for the cradle of humanity.

Anyway, Merry Christmas! I got cool kitschy Earth gifts for all the guys. Caleb got a vintage "FBI - Female Body Inspector" T-shirt, that was the funniest. I always have a hard time shopping for Ozzie - she can't carry much with her. I wish we didn't spend so much time apart - jump travel sucks, it takes too long. We're not even on planet for too long usually.

January 1st, 2244

Our business on Earth went fine. We got attacked by pirates on the way out of the system though! They actually boarded us, they had guys strapped to the outside of their scramblers. I don't understand that, seems like you'd die just from hitting micrometeorites and stuff. Somehow some of them got aboard, and they even blew through the bridge viewport! Kraid and I fought them off while the rest of the guys held the cargo bay. They really busted up the place but we got away; one of the pirates survived. He's a guy named Jake Reflux; we let him join our crew, as we're about one step away from pirates ourselves. We'll see how he does.

Goat checked the crates and it turns out there's people in them! Figures. Oh well, not our business.

January 23rd

We got back to Aetna with the coffins in plenty of time for our bonus. Stitches was happy. Ozzie was glad to see me, she took some leave and we hung out, drove around the colony. I gave her her Christmas presents and then we went out to one of Stitches' new places of entertainment so she could wear her new little black dress I got her... It was really cool, she got into a fight over me! We both took a hit and were dancing and drinking and stuff, and of course all the men were hitting on us. One of them kept grinding up against me while we were dancing and kept getting fresh (well, I did tease him some). He started to get a little too free with his hands and Ozzie grabbed his arm and bent it back and did some kind of special forces smackdown on him! Started a whole fight. We got out of there and hid in the SUV. She was so mad and was so rough with me, it was awesome.

February 12th

Found a guy that needs some work done. He's some high muckety-muck here on Aetna named Pravad. Apparently his son, Simon, was on an ICBM mining colony called Bedlam and has gone missing. I hate corps, but he's willing to pay well and is fronting us a sensor package for the Salt Witch. Told the guys we had to wait and leave on the 15th. Not a one of them could figure out why. What's wrong with them? I mean, I know they're freaks and all, but none of them has a girlfriend. It's not normal.

March 1st

We stopped in New Saigon to refit the Witch. We went to a neat place run by Uncle Jesse where we got a lot of boosters and stuff that'll help her out in a pinch. We bought so much he threw in a Cousin Maisie calendar, it's hanging proudly in the mess.

Turns out 2 ICPA ships went to Bedlam to check it out, and neither has returned. That's not good.

March 22nd

Just got in-system at Bedlam. Everything's too quiet. I set us up to drift in unseen so that whatever happened to the ICPAers doesn't happen to us. We'll see.

March 27th

Bugs everywhere!

April 19th

Back to new Saigon, drop for ICPA

May 1st

Back to Aetna